LIVING LESBIAN ARCHIVE

DEC. 2024

"CHOSEN FAMILY"

Living Lesbian Archive was founded by Elysia Colon (23) and Tajh Martin (21) in November 2024, with the first meeting taking place on November 23rd at Juke Bar in Bushwick. The meeting included people gathering to work on zine pages (folded construction paper) to be included in the monthly issue of LLA. The work mostly included collaging.

The founders were inspired to create this social club in response to desires for a stronger/larger Black lesbian community. Elysia and Tajh decided to incorporate their own love for arts and crafts with the creation of a space dedicated to Black lesbians outside of the club/party scene. Seeing how underrepresented Black lesbians are in society, it was further decided that this arts and crafts project should contribute to some form of documentation of Black lesbian lives and highlighting the beauty of said identity.

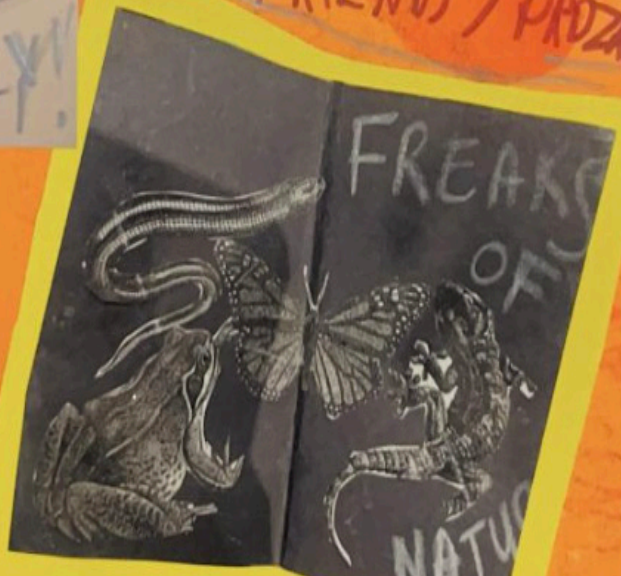
QUEER
QUEER
QUEER
get more
out of life...!
be a
FAGGOT!
I
A
H
P
S
O
SOPHIE KUEHN
PO BOX 498
DENALI PARK, AK 99755
ALASKAN FRONTIER
995-997
2024 PM 1 L
CHOSEN
SOPHIA JONES
2467 WESBAY DR
MARYLAND HEIGHTS, MO 63043
lucky

Some candles for your birthday and some matches to light them with!
Birds of a feather we should stick together
COMMUNITY

not voting for a cop

Before moving to Western Mass from Jersey, I knew who my family was. They were my friends down the road. They were my aunties that drove me to choir practice. So moving to a rural place with a sea of MOUN BLAN really fucked with me But in the midst of mental breakdowns, these people helped me get through shitty times.

FRIENDS > PADZA



i love my community!!!

QUARE

Official Poll Worker BITCH!

RUGBY

BAD BITCHES !!!!

in the mountains...

I NEED TO
FEEL THE SUN
ON MY FACE

The Fall

There's something really beautiful that happens when you come out.

Not the coming out that comes with timid sit downs, and shameful lashing.

Not the coming out that is exposed red with warnings and cautions.

The one that comes from within, displaying this renewed form, this renewed you.

When you first learn how others are as free as a bird, their chirps are heard.

You stretch those inner wings listening to those chirps sing.

Each feather is shaped uniquely and brightly and you step out

falling

from the rusted metal enclosure that was once your nest.

Gliding into the breeze that holds you like a hug against your chest.

As if you've been gone for too long, missed and belonged.

Shaking the debris of the hardship that comes with

falling.

Accepting oneself, first freighting, then adrenaline rushing,

seeing just open air, so scared to be so bare.

But then like *magic* all the colors come into form.

Your flock freefalling , again reborn.

So we are out, we are free wings spread wide, loving unapologetically.

You stretch your arms and feel that breeze beneath your wings

Speaking of more, and you jump

every

time.

Black like me

Black with the capital B

It's community and shared wounds. The raised fists and soulful tunes.

Black with a capital B

It's voices louder than spaces with white faces

meant to fill the scars that were made in quiet tones.

Black with a capital B

It's the sub group within sub groups because not all Black is the same shade.

Black with a capital B

It's the one with rainbow hues that umbrellas our melanin,

that speaks in knowing phrases and slang that only we share.

Black with a capital B

For the ones that see reflections of their own Lordes, Baldwins and Marsha's in mirrors.

Black with a capital B

It's the relief to be seen in the safe space that was sought out even in communes with others that looked like me.

Black with capital B

It's stud, femme, queer.

Black with capital B

It's those that attempt to replicate, to hide, and push behind the rotting corpse on the hanger with old names, old clothes, old beings. Holding on to the hate that kept it hanging.

Black with capital B

It's still finding solace in the found home of the umbrella that creates the special space to let the rain bounce off its shield and burst with colors, laughter, happiness, freedom.

And when I say Black with a capital B

I speak of a home with my people that are Black like me.

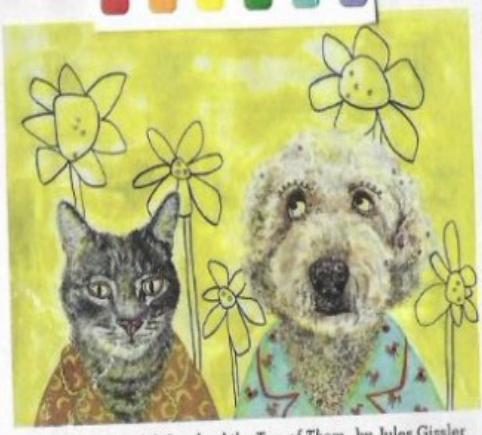
THE ISSUE

OF Community

Lessons in

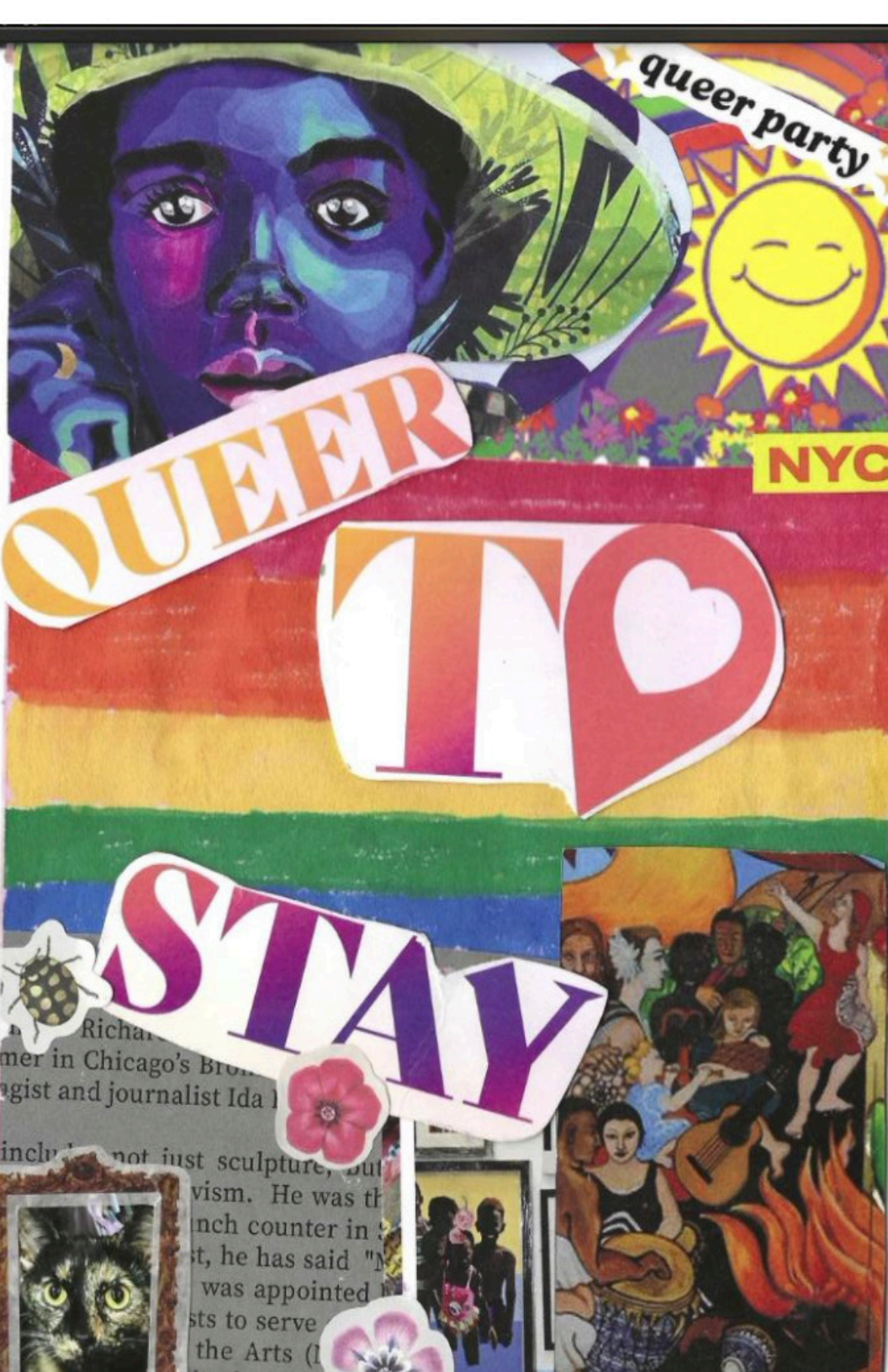
Mapping the Darkness

ALYSSE



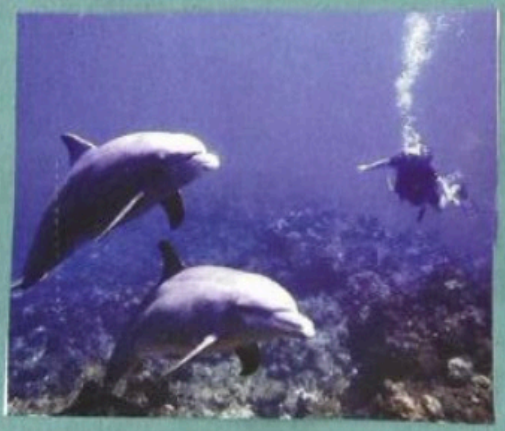
*He Had a Plan & It Involved the Two of Them...*by Jules Gissler

ANIMAL FAMILY


queer party
QUEER
NYC
TO
STAY

Do we underestimate

Connections

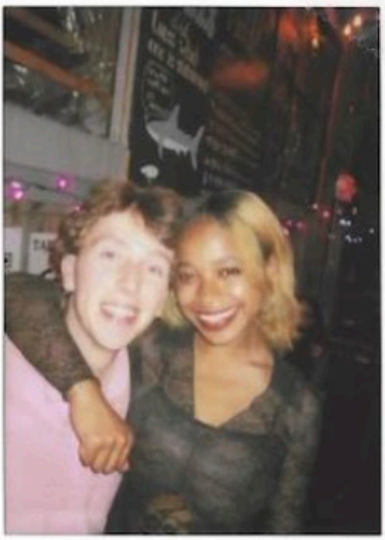


want

TO DO SOMETHING GOOD

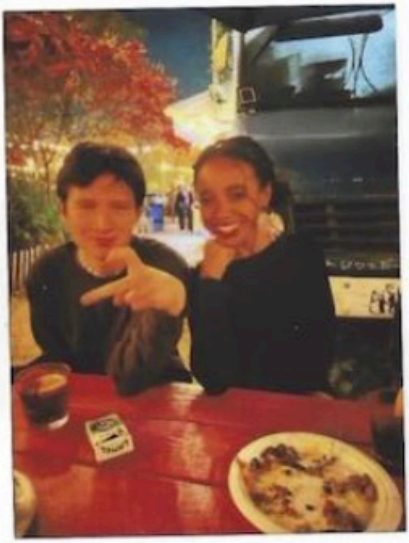
I think he'd die of happiness.

NO MATTER WHERE



I ~~made~~ make

Safety



HELP

help

crisis ?

★ ★ ★ MONEY FOR PEOPLE'S NEEDS, NOT THE WAR MACHINE ★ ★ ★

WE FIGHT BACK

★★★PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION DAY★★★

JAN 20 ★ 11AM ★ NYC

★ WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK ★

★ HONORING MLK AND HIS LEGACY OF STRUGGLE ★

JOIN ★ US

WEFIGHTBACK2025.ORG

★ DC STATEHOOD ★ FOR IMMIGRANT RIGHTS ★ FOR WORKER'S RIGHTS ★ FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS

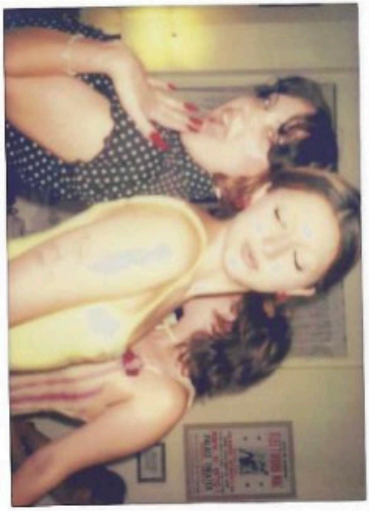
REMEMBER
ING
WHAT IT FEELS
LIKE
TO BE
REAL

I love my
friends
& my friends
love me

by Tajh M.

Prett Self explanatory...
I love my friends & my
friends love me. I didn't
have good friends for
a long time.... and now
I do. When I remember
this I'm in awe like
wow the people I love
love me back
Family is hard
& weird but
my friends
are my family
they are my
home...
my safe
soul my
loves

YOU ARE



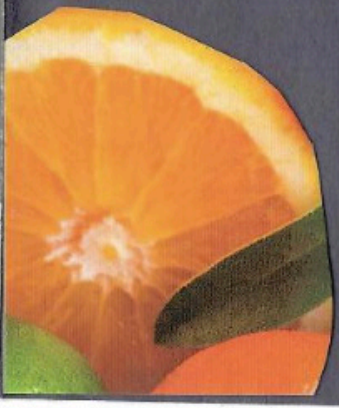
The Heart's Knowledge

PARCEL POST
CONTENTS: MERCHANDISE
RETURN REQUESTED

FROM Kate P.

TO
my chosen family
<3

We love art



Trust Me

keeping us safe,

A LOVE THAT LASTS

COLLEGE WALK

FAMILY COMES IN ALL FORMS OF LOVE. I AM HAPPY TO BE COMPRISED OF SUCH A SPECIAL GIFT. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN LOVED, AND I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED. THERE IS A SPECIAL COMPARTMENT OF MY HEART WHERE I STORE MEMORIES OF THINGS THOUGHT TO BE TRAPPED IN THE PAST. I CARRY THE ENERGY OF LOVE AND LOVING WITH ME THROUGH THE FUTURE. THERE IS NO PAST IN MY WORLD, NOT WHEN I BRING THIS LIGHT WITH ME. WHEN I WAS LITTLE, MY GRANDPA TOLD ME TO "TAKE A PICTURE" OF SPECIAL MOMENTS TO ALWAYS LOOK BACK ON. OVER TIME I HAVE BECOME A SKILLED PHOTOGRAPHER. I LIVE IN MY ART INSTALLATION

I ALWAYS KNEW THERE WAS MORE OF ME OUT THERE. I LONGED FOR THE DAY WE'D BE RE-UNITED. EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, YOUR WISHES ARE GRANTED. MINE WERE AT A DAVE AND BUSTERS IN TIMES SQUARE. THIS IS US PLAYING BASKETBALL TOGETHER.

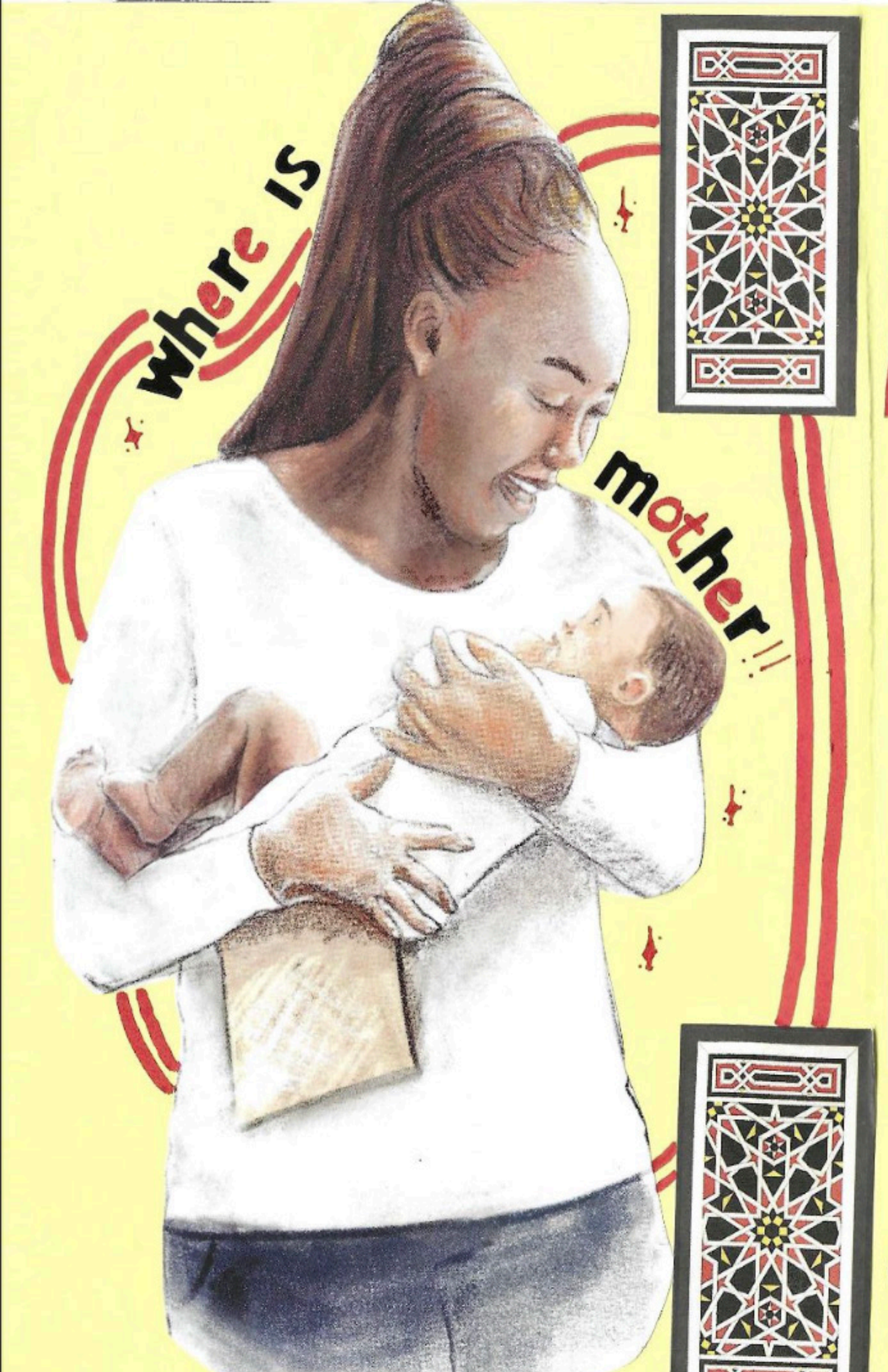
BLOOD IS NOT THE ONLY THING I'VE THIRSTED FOR. I AM RE-UNITED WITH MYSELF WHEN SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE WHO GET IT. I AM FINALLY ONE WHEN I AM WITH AND IN COMMUNITY WITH YOU.

THERE EXISTS INFINITE LIVES WITHIN EVERY ONE OF US. I BRING EVERY LIFE I'VE LIVED WITH ME AS WELL. LITTLE ME WOULD BE SO HAPPY IF SHE COULD SEE THE WORLD THIS VERSION OF HER GETS TO INHABIT. WE HAVEN'T CHANGED MUCH.

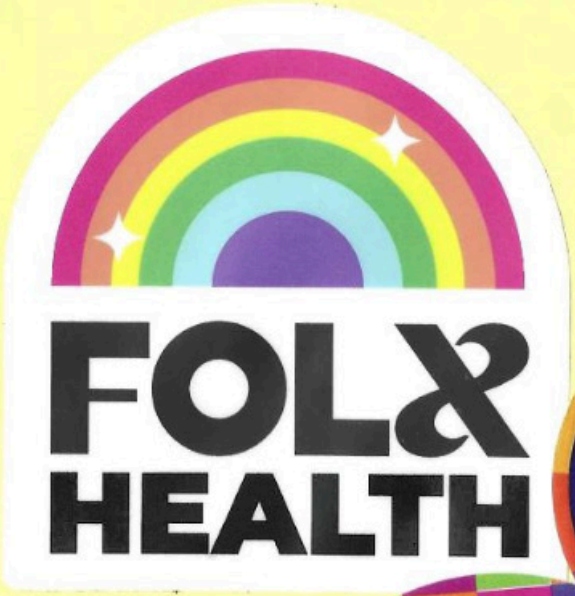
I AM SO GRATEFUL FOR ALL OF THE PEOPLE THAT HAVE HELPED TAKE CARE OF HER WHEN I COULDN'T. THE PEOPLE THAT HAVE HELD THEIR HAND THROUGH DARK TIMES, WHO TURNED THE LIGHT BACK ON WHEN I COULDN'T REACH IT. I AM SO BLESSED TO SHARE MYSELF WITH MY CHOSEN FAMILY.

I'M HAPPY TO POUR INTO PEOPLE TOO. I LOVE TO LAUGH, TO HOLD, TO PUSH UPWARDS, TO PULL CLOSER. I HOPE TO TURN THE LIGHTS BACK ON FOR OTHER PEOPLE AS WELL. I SEE THE PEOPLE I LOVE IN EVERYTHING AROUND ME. I SEE EVERYTHING I LOVE IN THE PEOPLE AROUND ME. I WAS SCARED FOR A LONG TIME. OF RETURNING HOME TO MYSELF, OF LEAVING BEHIND SOMETHING CAPABLE OF MISSING WITH THE PEOPLE I LOVE, I WAS SCARED OF BEING MISSED.

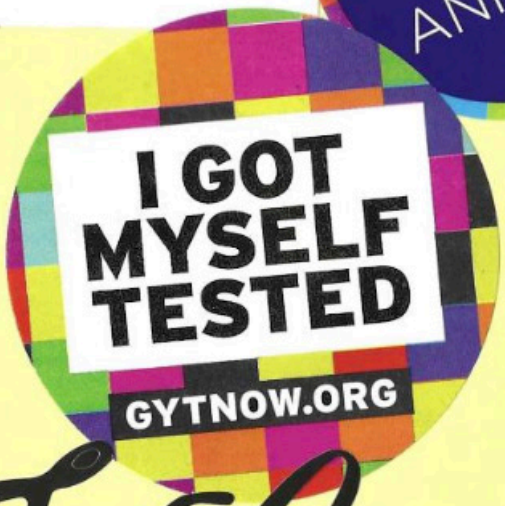
I HOPE YOU SEE ME IN EVERYTHING TOO NOW. I HOPE YOU SEE ME IN AQUARIUMS, I SEE YOU IN THE WATER. I HOPE YOU SEE ME IN THE BOOKS I'D READ, I TALK WITH YOU ON THE PAGES. I HOPE YOU HEAR ME IN THE SONGS I'D DANCE TO, I FEEL YOU AS I MOVE. THE LOVE I HAVE FOR MY CHOSEN FAMILY WILL NEVER DIE, BECAUSE I "TOOK PICTURES" OF EVERY MOMENT, I RECORDED EVERY DATE IN MY CALENDAR, I TRANSCRIBED EVERY WORD EXCHANGED. I USE THE WEALTH OF MEMORIES TO WRITE INSTRUCTIONS TO KNOW HOW TO LOVE AND BE LOVED. YOU FOLLOW ME EVERYWHERE I GO. THANK YOU FOR SITTING IN THE LIGHT WITH ME.


where is mother!!

Delita Martin



Fuck PETA, lowkey

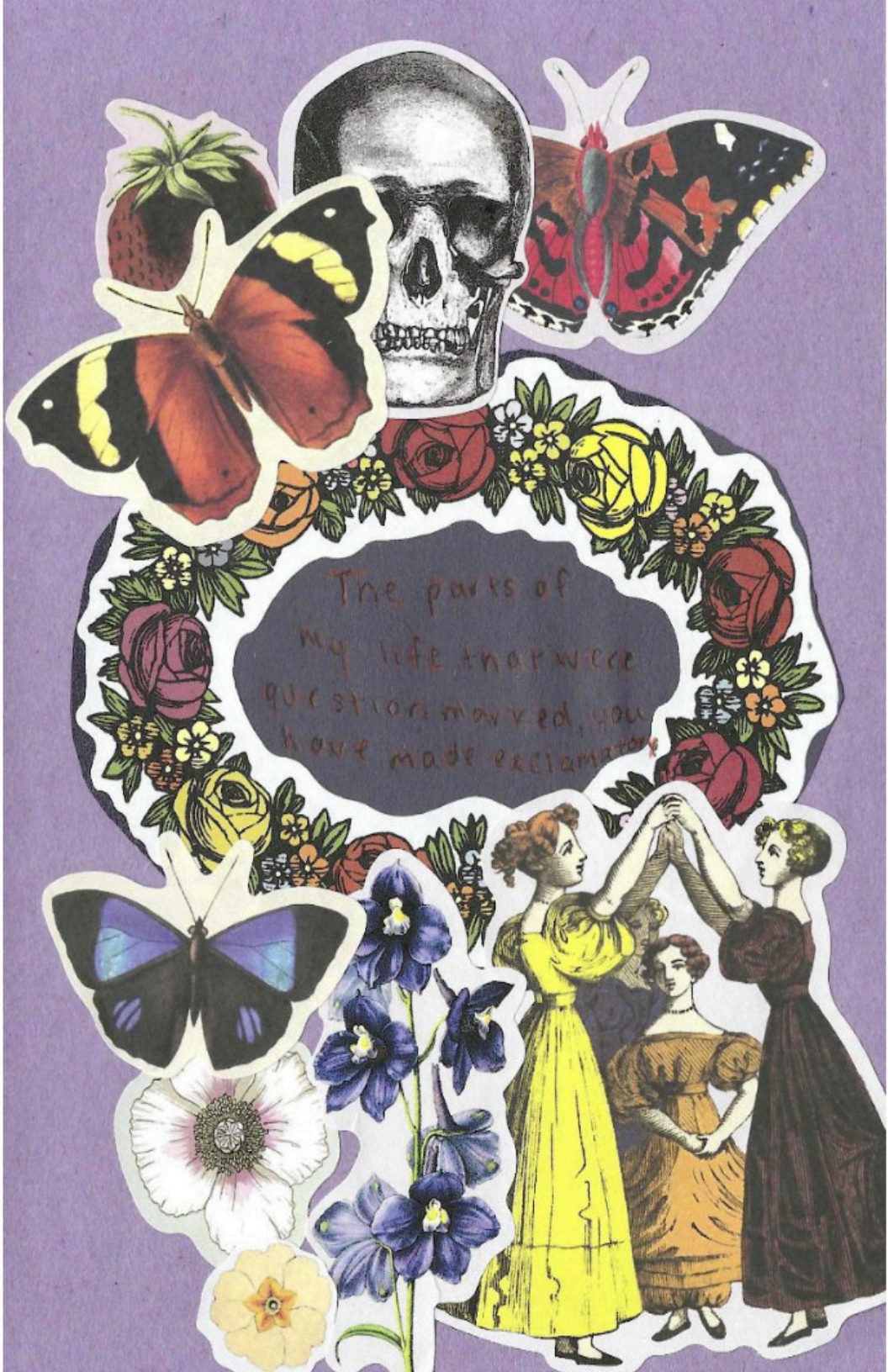


@FemmeClawws

on INSTAGRAM

"I've Just Got to be ME"

- Deniece Williams


The parts of
my life that were
question marked, you
have made exclamatory

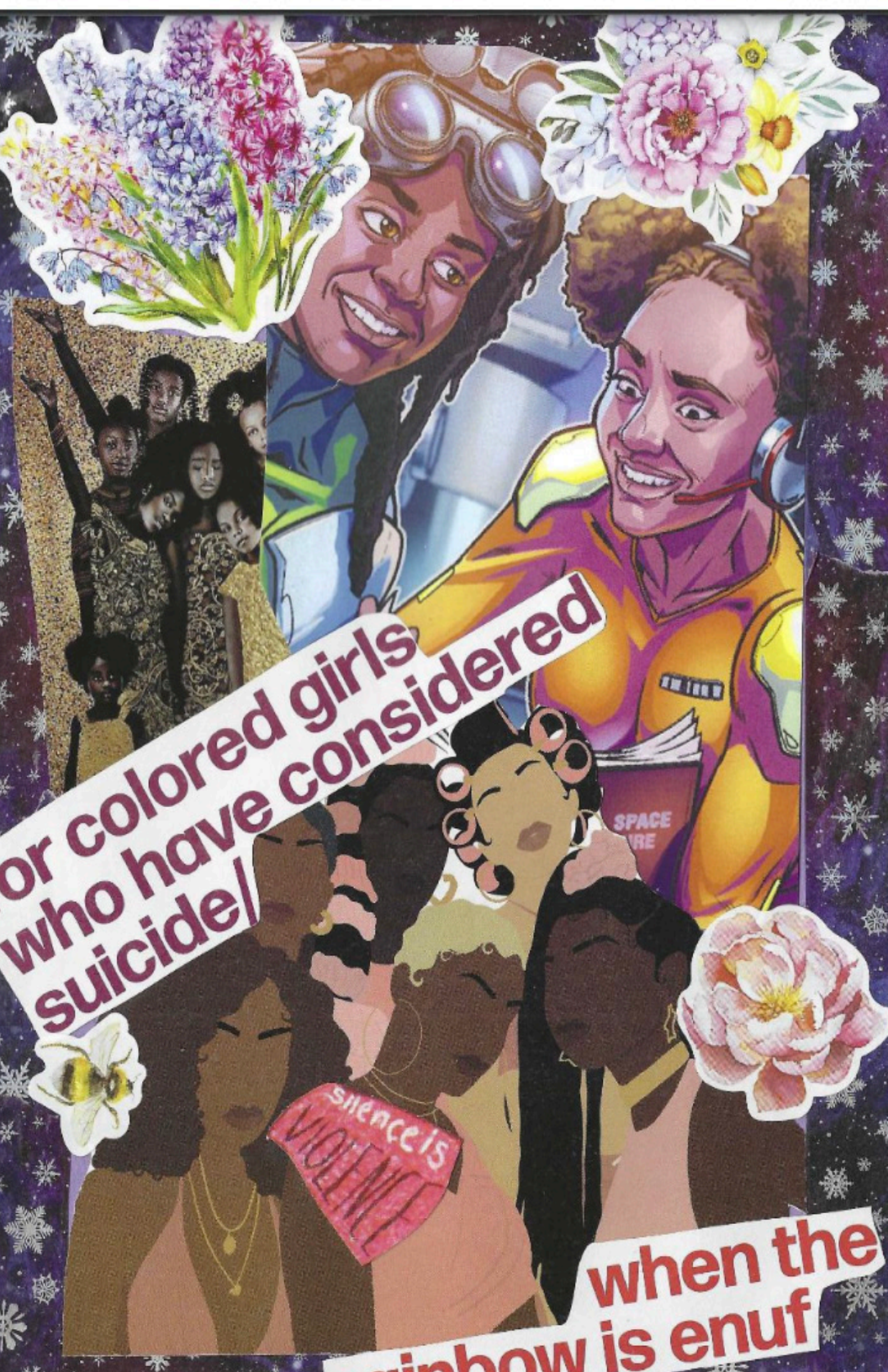
give yourself permission to fall
to wilt
to shed layers
and stand naked in the storm

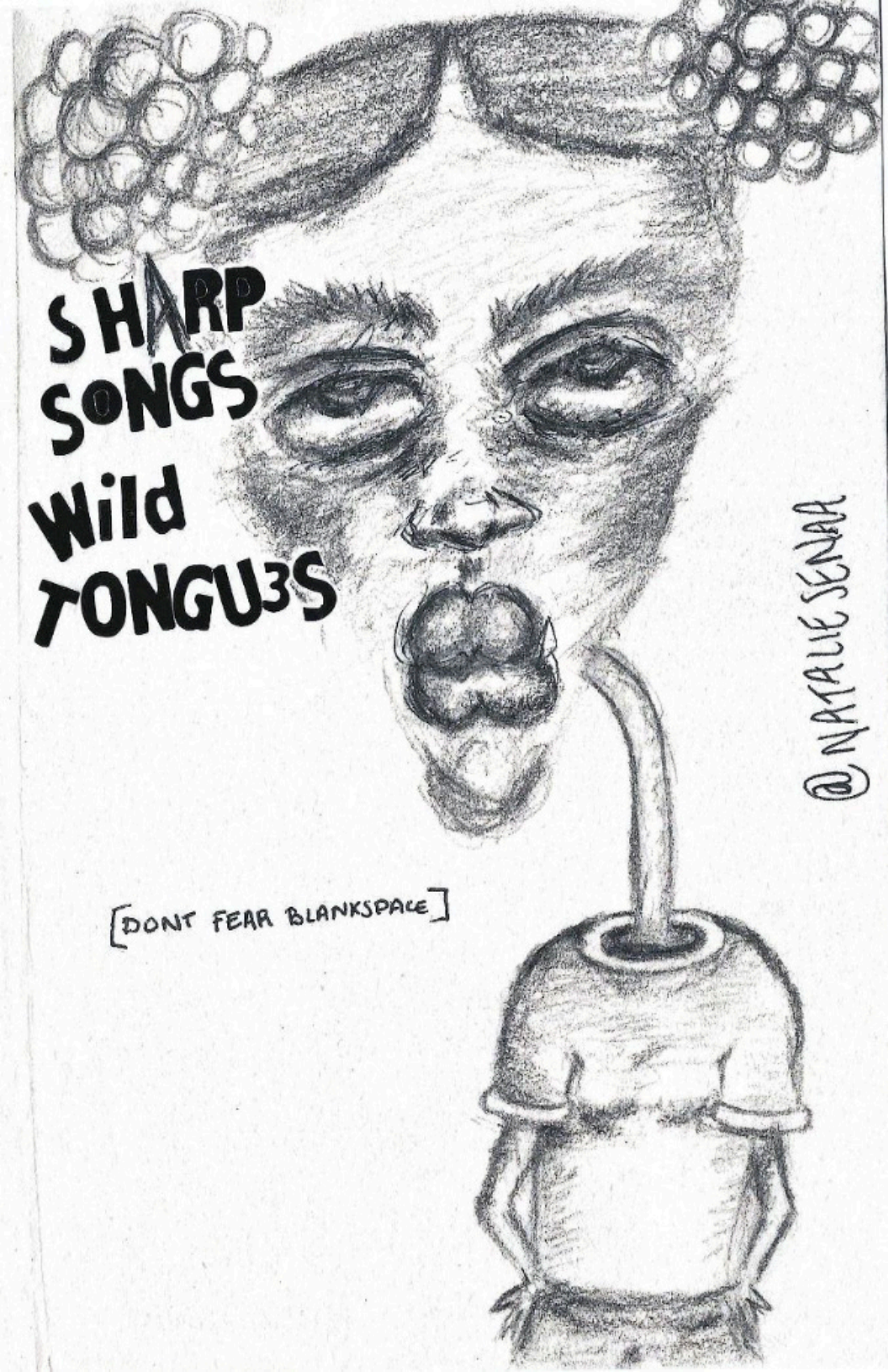
await the changing seasons
trust the process
in faith
and when the storm has passed

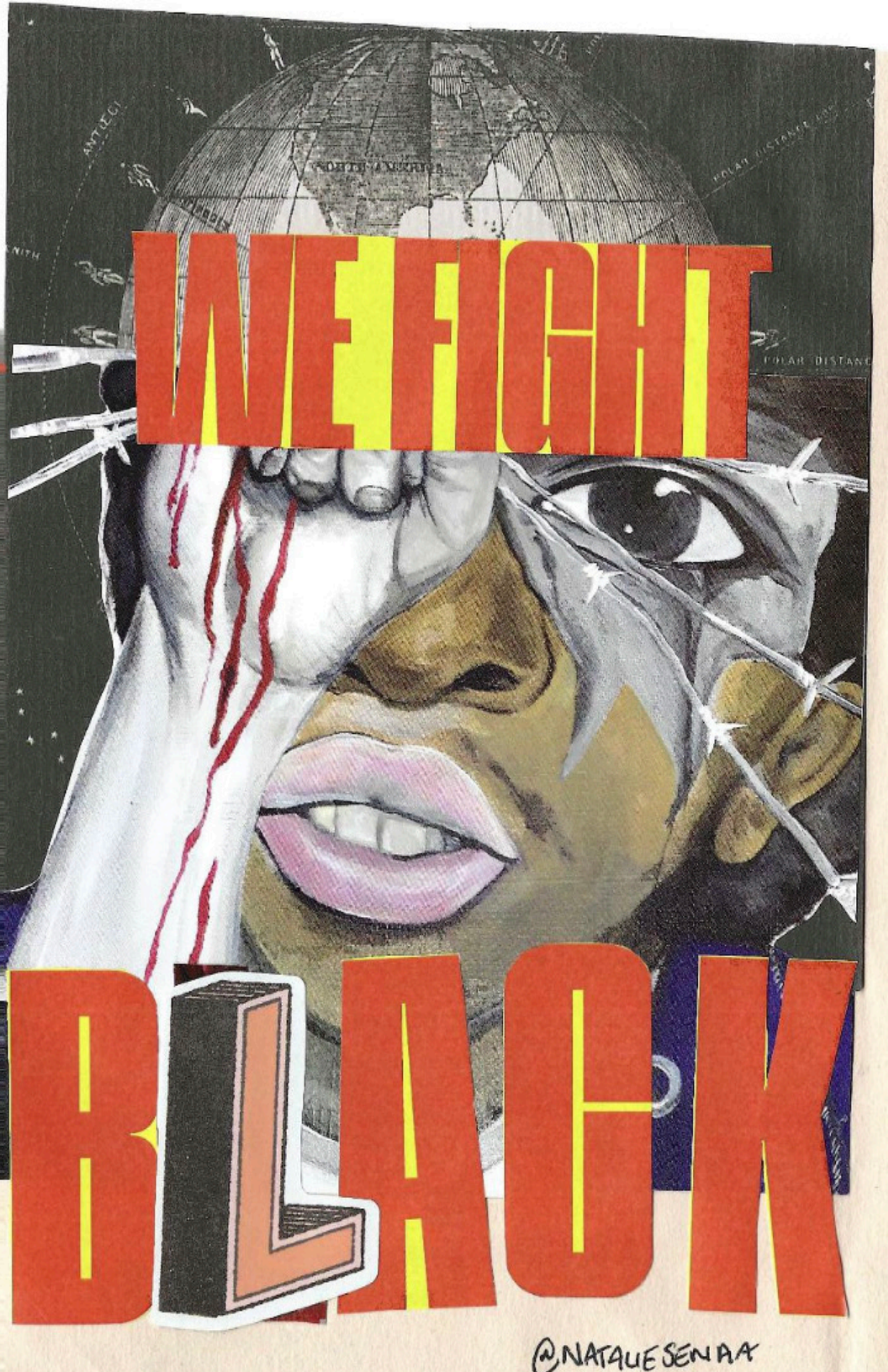
give yourself permission to rise
to grow
freely to bud
to stand engulfed in bloom

and when you look back
you will realize
you were blossoming
all along

A.L.


or colored girls
who have considered
suicide/
SPACE
silence is
when the
rainbow is enuf


SHARP
SONGS
Wild
TONGU3S
[DONT FEAR BLANKSPACE]
@NATALIE SENAA


WE FIGHT
BLACK
@NATALIESENNA

Blood OF THE COVENANT

the Community

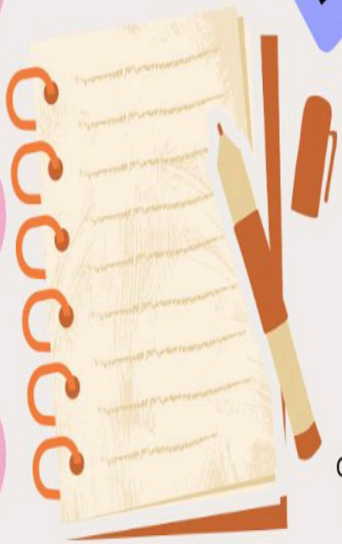
LOVE BEYOND

WHO WE ARE

How It Feels

To Hang out with Friends

LIVING LESBIAN ARCHIVE MEETING



Join us for an evening of crafting, socializing, and community-building with fellow Black lesbians. We will be working towards our collective scrapbook and the January issue of our zine. Event is at a bar so 21+

TUES. JAN 28	7PM TO 9PM	CUBBYHOLE (281 W 12TH ST)

RSVP ON PARTIFUL

LIVING LESBIAN ARCHIVE

make art!

JOIN

Black Lesbian Scrapbooking/Zine club!

Monthly meet-ups for black lesbians to meet one another, make a collective zine (and more!), and grow together

Follow us @livinglesbianarchive (instagram/tiktok)

community

share ideas!